

Good Morning

S20

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Beneath the Surface

with AL MALE

Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

IT all depends on whom you call "great men," of course; and we seem to have decided, long ago, that the truly great are never great, whereas the small are never small.

Glancing through "The Times" this morning, I notice under the Memoriam column these words: "In ever-loving memory of Noel Chavasse, V.C. with Bar, M.C., M.B., Capt. R.A.M.C. (T.), att. 10 Batt. Liverpool Scottish, killed in action Ypres Salient, Aug. 4th, 1917."

As most of you know, Capt. Chavasse was one of the only two men to gain the V.C. and Bar, the other being Lieut. A. Martin Leake, R.A.M.C., who gained his V.C. in the Boer War and his Bar in the Great War.

SAVED TWENTY MEN.

Capt. Chavasse died of wounds received while attending to wounded. His first V.C. was awarded after he had saved some twenty wounded men, in addition to the ordinary cases which passed through his hands. When he won his Bar he was instrumental by his extraordinary bravery in rescuing many men who would have otherwise been killed.

This heroic son of the late Bishop of Liverpool (who had four sons on active service in the Great War) was definitely a God-fearing man. He gave no thought to his own life.

On one occasion he tended wounded all day under intensive fire, then spent four hours the next night in "No Man's Land" searching for injured men. The following day he was out again, carrying on until wounded. He died of wounds. He died that others might live. Many are alive to-day who would not have been had Capt. Chavasse considered his own life first.

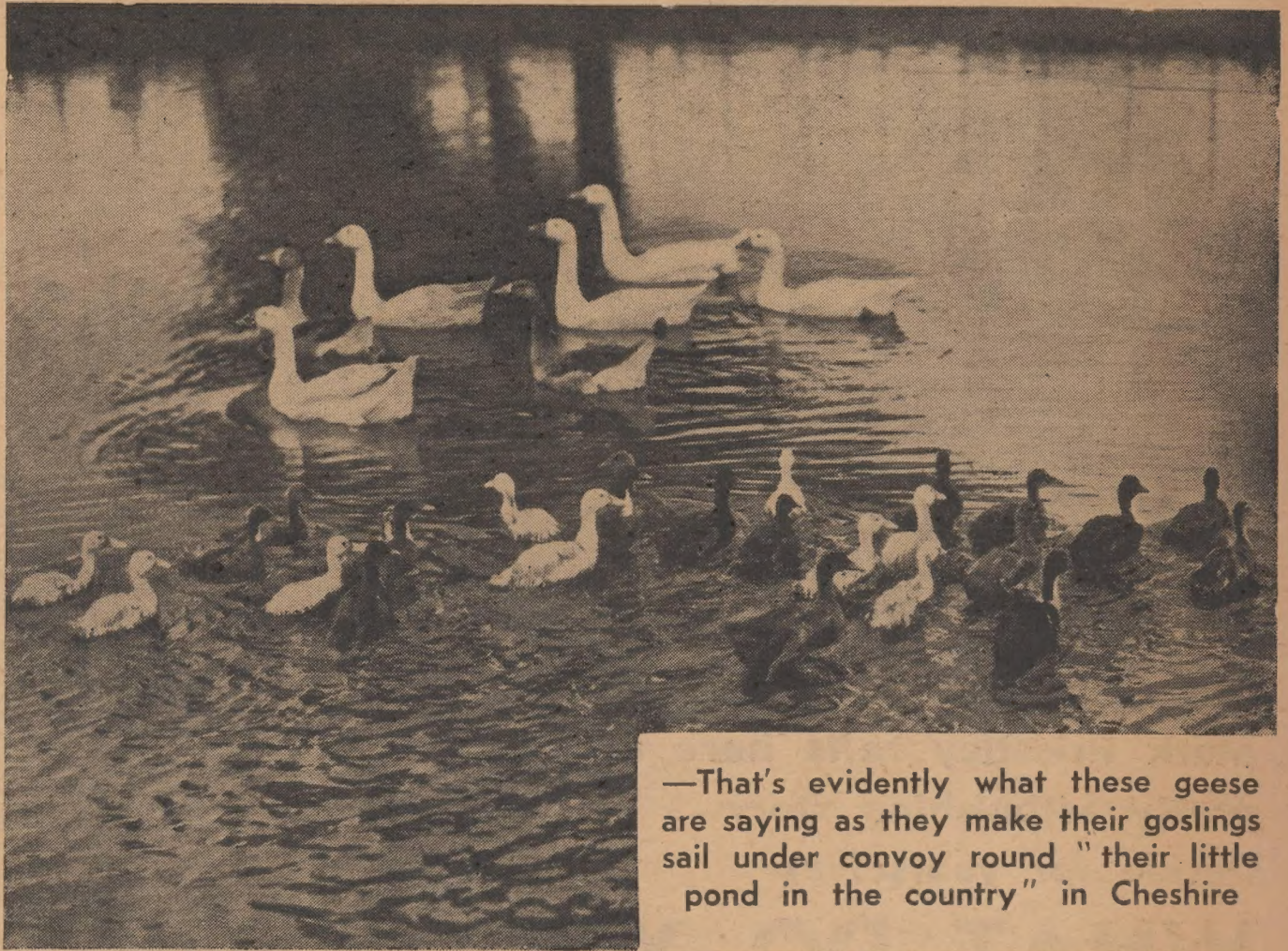
To him, the spiritual was stronger than any material force, and even though he knew the danger of his calling, he calmly pursued it in face of hell-fire barrages, etc. . . . he saved others, but himself he did not save.

There are some sects which take the spiritual to the nth degree, to the elimination of all material.

I cannot profess to do this, nor do I want to . . . it is purely a matter for the individual.

What I do contend is that a man must know that the spiritual is stronger than the material, and more permanent. This helps to debunk a great deal of the imaginary power attached to the material . . . take out the

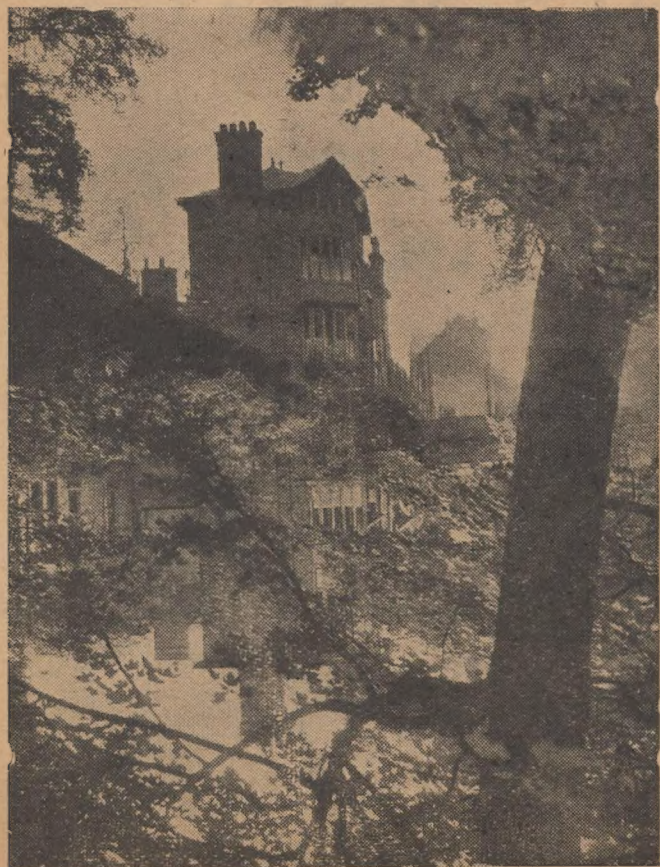
BEWARE OF ENEMY PROPER GANDERS!—



—That's evidently what these geese are saying as they make their goslings sail under convoy round "their little pond in the country" in Cheshire

AND YOU'RE ANOTHER GOOSE!

Didn't know this picture was upside down, did you? But turn it round and you'll see it is.



sting . . . remove the fear of its power, and so give strength which is true strength . . . the knowledge of the availability of the power of the Almighty and Eternal.

The knowledge, too, that it is Ever-present.

Make no mistake about the Chavasse family.

Though sons of a Bishop, they were men of the world in the sporting sense. Both the V.C. and his twin brother (now Bishop of Rochester) were fine athletes, the Bishop being a double "Blue" and running for England in the 1908 Olympic Games. . . He also gained the M.C. in the Great War.

As a young man I well remember him playing Rugby League rugby with my hometown club, St. Helens, Lancashire, and anyone who knows the Rugby League code is fully aware of its man-handling tactics . . . lining up with the professionals is not child's play.

Christopher Chavasse was then a curate working hard for the Church Army, and I have watched him literally roping in the toughs on a Saturday night. He was, and still is, extremely popular.

HE IS NOT AFRAID.

He knows the problems of the working classes from inside experience, and has an open mind . . . but is not afraid to express it.

As a result of a boating accident, when he rescued nine people (including his wife and family), the Bishop of Rochester had to have one of his legs amputated, and has now an artificial leg.

Needless to say, this handicap makes very little difference to a man of his courage.

For courage it is. Something splendid about such a combination of physical and moral courage, isn't there?

Just another form of courage as that displayed by the whole of the family, in whatever sphere they find themselves.

The courage of those who see that the Spiritual is stronger than any Material force . . . and, seeing it, have no fear! Isn't that GREAT?

Cheerio and Good Hunting.

The sad true tale of the MAN WHO WANTED THE PERFECT WIFE

By ANDREW SLADE

THOMAS DAY once thrilled England with his best-selling novel, "Sandford and Merton," but he is best remembered to-day as a man who knew what he expected of women.

His wife-to-be had to have a taste for literature and science, and yet her manners had to be as simple as those of any village girl. She had to have a perfect dress sense and be a perfect cook. She had to be as fearless and daring as any heroine he ever found in books.

But Thomas Day reached manhood without finding the right girl. He had to confess this to his friends, but "I'll create such a woman," he said.

He went to a foundling hospital and asked if he might look through the establishment. A solicitor, carrying the necessary credentials, accompanied him to attend to formalities.

Yet no sooner had Day set eyes on the assembled children than he realised that he hadn't decided whether he preferred a blonde or a brunette.

CATCHING 'EM YOUNG.

Thomas could not make up his mind, so he decided to take two, agreeing to apprentice off one girl within a year and give her a marriage dowry, and to train the other with a view to her becoming Mrs. Day.

He went home with two girls aged twelve. One, whom he called Sabrina, had brown eyes and raven locks. The other, whom he named Lucretia, was blue-eyed and fair-haired.

The instant they had passed through his front door they began to quarrel like wild cats. Thomas tried to reason with them, but soon found he could write his books only to an accompaniment of hysterical wranglings.

When peace at last descended upon the household, it was because the two foundlings had contracted smallpox and Thomas had to act as nurse.

Finding that he loathed fair Lucretia beyond doubt, he apprenticed her to a milliner. Then he decided to set himself doggedly to inculcate Sabrina with all the virtues of the great heroines of history.

EDUCATIONAL EFFORT.

A mansion was rented and specially adapted. In order that Sabrina could gaze admiringly on her future husband, several windows were blocked up, thus diverting her attention from the outside view, and the rooms were surrounded by mirrors.

To make her fond of books and study he gave her chocolates after she had completed each new volume.

In an attempt to make her impervious to pain, he dropped melting sealing-wax on her arms, and threatened to increase the dose if she could not endure this torture without flinching.

When he carried out his threat, her screams roused the neighbourhood — and Thomas had to change his tactics.

She had a very human habit of jumping at unexpected sounds. With the idea of getting her out of the habit, Thomas used to steal up behind her and fire pistols with blank cartridges.

Then he tried her with secrets, inventing fantastic stories of crimes he had perpetrated. The tales spread all over the neighbourhood, and people barricaded their doors at night.

Thomas Day was discouraged. He packed Sabrina off to a local school, and she eventually made a happy marriage with the solicitor who had accompanied Thomas to the orphanage.

HE MET HIS BOSS.

For Thomas himself a very different fate was reserved. He met and married a Miss Esther Milnes, who took him in hand.

She was a woman of many whims, and first insisted that he should take dancing and fencing lessons, and then that he should live in the country. One month she ordered him to work hard and make money.

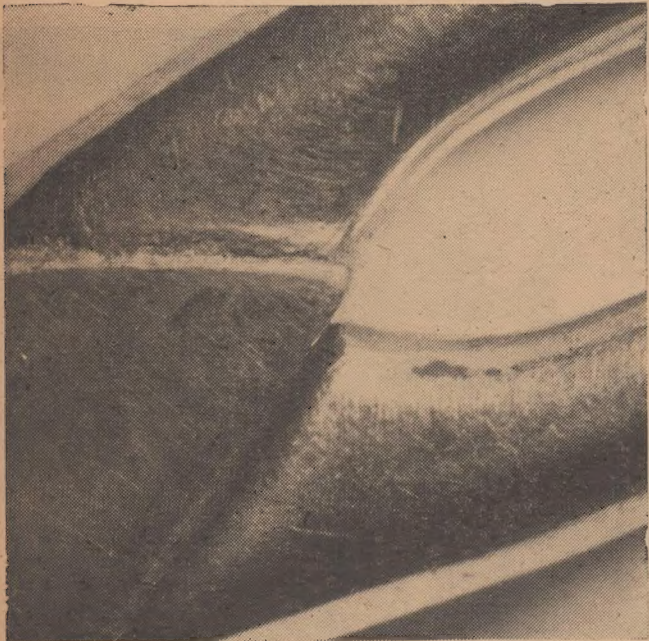
The next month she decided that it was better to be poor, and directed Thomas to give their money away.

Thomas obeyed. He realised that the tables had been turned. But Esther was nearer his ideal than any woman he had previously met.

He that does one fault at first, and lies to hide it, makes it two.

Isaac Watts
(1674-1748)

SUNDAY FARE



What Is It?

Here's this week's picture puzzle for you to solve. Last week's was: Timber rafts on the Chu-Kiang River in China.

Mark Priestley tells here a pretty astonishing story
Decide for yourselves

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS?

BAFFLING mysteries sometimes come from the East, as every submariner knows, but few can compare with the mystery which caused ten thousand prominent people to stage a meeting in Delhi to decide whether a nine-year-old girl had ever been born before.

Little Shanti Devi is no more than a child in looks and years. Her astonishing claim of having lived a "previous life" have stirred the whole of India.

When Shanti was three years old she began to prattle to her parents about a husband who lived in the neighbouring town of Muttra and made a good living as a cloth merchant. At an age when normal kiddies are playing with dolls and prattling of fairies, this little girl was forever talking about the man she had previously married.

Her mother at first naturally imagined she was playing a game of make-believe. Then Shanti began to describe the street where her husband lived and the general appearance of Muttra itself, and demanded to be "taken home."

Half jokingly, the parents mentioned the matter to some relatives who knew Muttra. Much to their amazement, the picture of the town given by Shanti proved to be correct.

There was a street corresponding to the lane she had mentioned, and in it lived a cloth merchant with the same name as Shanti Devi's so-called husband.

As soon as they came to know of this extraordinary coincidence, the relatives of the "husband" themselves began to make inquiries. "We must find out about this," they all agreed, "for it certainly seems a most extraordinary state of affairs."

A SECRET TEST.

A young cousin of the "husband" was sent to Delhi to make investigations, and no sooner was Shanti confronted with him than she called him by his correct name and knew

at once he was a cousin. Without Shanti's knowledge, it was decided that she should one day meet the man she claimed as husband. A visit from the merchant was arranged, but no sooner had the visitor from Muttra knocked at the door than Shanti, then a little girl of six, called out, "Ah, my husband has come back to me!" and embraced him tearfully.

Three stalwart lads accompanied the merchant, and out of them Shanti recognised her own "son," claiming that he had been "her own boy."

By this time research experts were investigating the case, and put the little girl through a searching cross-examination. Every question was answered by Shanti with an accuracy that left little room for doubt.

Her maiden name, she said, had been Anned, and her married name Lugdi. She had been born—for her first life—in 1902, and had died on October 24th, 1925, at Agra, after giving birth to her son in that year.

Sure enough, the merchant's name was Lugdi, his wife had been born in 1902, and had died in 1925 as Shanti described. Her maiden name had been Anned.

CONVINCED HER "HUSBAND." When the committee appointed by Delhi citizens learned this much they decided that the real test would be for Shanti to go to Muttra and find her own way to her home, for it had been clearly proved that she had never left Delhi.

For himself, her "husband" was by now positive that Shanti was none other than his earlier wife reincarnated. More convincing than anything else was her intimate knowledge of their married life. Shanti also had the voice, character and mannerisms of Mrs. Lugdi, although her appearance naturally conveyed no resemblance. Nevertheless, on arrival at

—and "ALL TICKETS PLEASE" is the title of W. H. MILLIER'S

TABLOID TALE

YOU have to be extremely resourceful if you decide to live by your wits. As an instance of ready resource on the part of "The boys" who gain their livelihood on the race-course, here is a little story without a moral.

My friend Gerard was a racing journalist. He backed more losers than anyone, alive or dead, but that fact was never permitted to affect his charm of manner or the kindness of his soul. If he happened to be broke, which was for him more or less a permanent state of being, he would take the laces from his shoes to give to a poor beggar rather than refuse the alms he did not possess at that moment.

In the vernacular of the Turf, he was a flat. None knew this better than "The boys." Came the day when all the wrong horses had won the right races and the boys had had a bad day. Still, they had to get home, and it did not worry them in the least to have to board the crowded train without tickets.

Approaching the junction where all tickets were collected, the leader of the boys sought out Gerard. "Got your ticket, Gerry?" he asked in a whisper. "Sure," was the prompt reply. "Right. Come into the corridor."

The plot was then unfolded.

Gerry was to play the leading role in this drama of the train, or comic opera, if you prefer it, unsung and unseen and with a chorus as silent as a group of chessmen.

"All tickets, please," came the raucous shout from down the train. This was the call-boy's cry for our leading actor to get ready. The chorus was already at action stations, or rather inaction stations.

The metal ticket inlaid by the handle of the lavatory door read "ENGAGED."

The ticket collector banged on the door, repeated "Tickets, please." This was our principal's cue. Did he forget his words? Was he stunned by nervousness? Not on your life.

From behind the lavatory door came a slightly pained, apologetic voice in cultured accents, "Here's the ticket, under the door, Inspector. So sorry to bother you; have you got it?"

"All correct, sir," was the answer. And as the footsteps passed on to the other compartments silence reigned behind the engaged sign for several minutes.

When the collector had passed on to the next carriage, behold the "Vacant" sign appearing, and out came eleven silent men to steal smoothly away.

ODD CORNER

MARCELLE HUNT, a 12-year-old schoolgirl, went on the gun range at Bisley in 1932 and scored 14 "bulls" out of 15 shots. This is practically equal to the score of the women's King's Prize winners, and very little short of the men's.

Princess Maria Luisa, daughter of the King and Queen of Bulgaria, was four years old in 1937, when she could already speak English, German, French and Italian, as well as her own language.

Meho Focio, of Vienna, could, at the age of five, in 1936, do complicated mathematical problems, although he could neither read nor write. He could work out the square roots of six-figure numbers in his head within a few seconds, and was always correct. A mathematician who had come to see him told him he was 51 years old that day, and asked the boy how many days he had lived already. Without interrupting his play, Meho gave the correct answer immediately, having allowed instinctively for all the leap years.

In 1933, Ruth Slenczynski, an eight-year-old pianist, deputised for Paderewski in a recital in U.S.A. She played in her first concert at the age of four, and performed at the Queen's Hall, London, when she was twelve.

Miss Sackville Stoner, the novelist, poet and athlete, was writing magazine articles, books and verse at the age of five, when she also had a working knowledge of mathematics. When she was born she had already cut her teeth.

Lady Glamis, an ancestor of the present Queen, was executed on Castle Hill, Edinburgh, for practising witchcraft against James V of Scotland, just 406 years ago.

PUZZLE CORNER

Fill in the words to which the clues are given, then by taking the letters in rotation, two from each word, in the two centre columns, you will have the name of a well-known book by Charles Dickens. Here are the clues: 1, Kind of sword. 2, Small, but important when travelling. 3, To turn again. 4, Tennis. 5, To feed. 6, Table-cloths, etc. 7, Much-bombed City.

1						
2						
3						
4						
5						
6						
7						

And here is the solution to last Sunday's problem.

C	A	L	C	U	T	T	A
P	O	R	T	L	A	N	D
M	U	R	M	A	N	S	K
A	U	C	K	L	A	N	D
C	A	P	E	T	O	W	N
P	L	Y	M	O	U	T	H
K	I	N	G	S	T	O	N

The Navy and Rugger

By The Old Tough

PERHAPS the most interesting feature of Rugby football during the forty years before this present war, was the amazing progress made by the Royal Navy.

Previously as a "force" in the Rugby game, they were a negligible quantity and although like Barkis, they were always "willin'," their skill and science failed to match their virility.

Then came a great awakening in the Navy's Rugger. Under the keen and rarely satisfied eyes of Louis Grieg and the great E. W. Roberts, the Service began to feel its Rugby "feet," and fairly soon quite powerful club teams appeared at Portsmouth and Devonport.

Gradually Navy players began to figure in international teams and, indeed, just before 1914, and soon after the game was resumed again in 1919, the Navy might almost have been called the nucleus of the English XV's.

Louis Grieg, who played for Scotland, was equally keen and even more vociferous. Of him the story is told of two ladies strolling along in Portsmouth

one Saturday morning. "What are you going to do this afternoon, dear?" asked one. "Oh, I thought of going to hear Louis Grieg play football," was the answer.

Well, to these two men the Naval Rugger contingent owed much, and very quickly, as is the Service custom, they began to repay their debts. As time went on, officers, petty officers and A.B.s fairly "walked into" the white jerseys embroidered with the red rose of England.

But before I give you a few of the great names that gained renown, I must tell you just a little story. When the first Australian Rugby team came over, they met the United Services, on the Portsmouth ground, in a real good honest-to-God give-and-take match.

At the end of the game I asked one of the Aussie backs how he'd enjoyed it. "Grand game," he replied, "but that bloke at back oughtn't to be called Lyon, he tackles you like a b—bear."

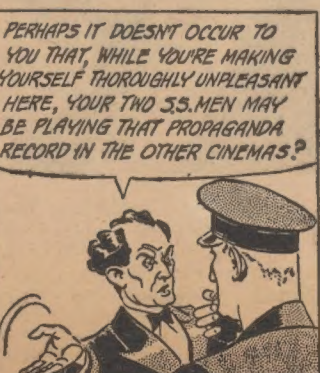
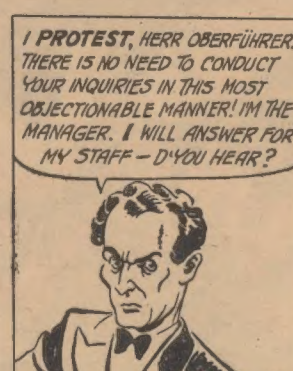
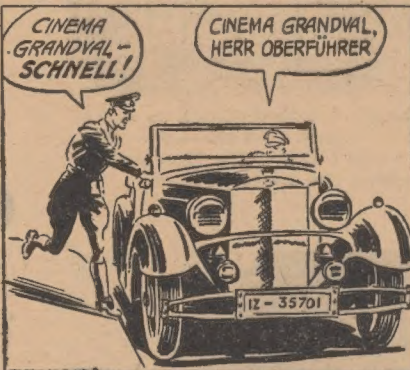
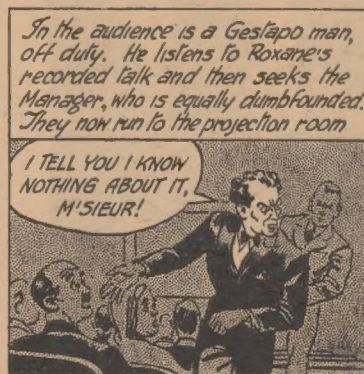
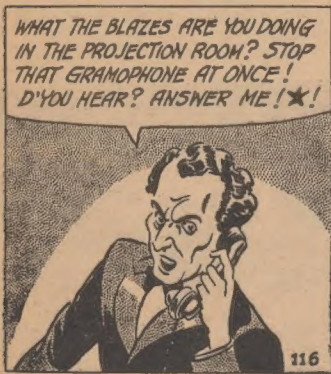
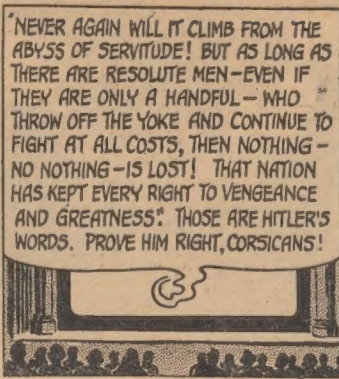
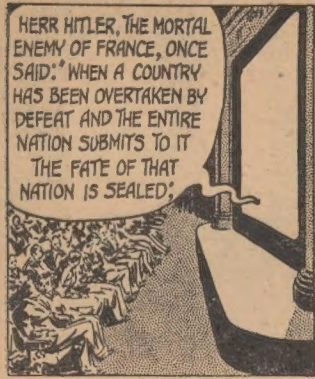
He was referring to Admiral Sir G. H. D'O. Lyon, who has just nailed down his flag at The Nore.

More of this anon.

QUIET NOW IT'S SUNDAY and the kids are asleep



BUCK RYAN



When Hollywood Producers want A STAR THEY PLAN IT!

By CALL BOY

REPORTS from the big Hollywood studios indicate that there will be no dearth of "new stars" featured in the productions for the 1943-44 season. This being the case, it might be interesting to note how the studios develop their "star possibilities" into international screen favorites.

Having spotted likely looking girls in amateur and school plays, repertory and Broadway productions, or working as waitresses, photographers' models, stewardesses, and a host of other professions, they are taken to Hollywood. There they are subjected to screen tests and various other tests, to determine whether they are "suitable material."

With all the tests satisfactorily passed—an achievement restricted to but a few—there are then two schools of thought as to the training of young starlets for the screen.

One advocates plunging the youngsters into deep water and forcing them to struggle their way to the opposite shore unaided—in other words, to give them a big role right off, then let them make the best of it they can. In this manner, some become strong swimmers, some drown.

Another school deals with them more patiently, so patiently, in fact, that many young starlets never rise above the preliminary exercises and live through the life of their contracts balancing books on their heads and posing for "leg art."

THE IDEAL METHOD.

The ideal method, of course, is a mean between the two, aiming more exactly to supply the method most suitable to the pupil. Surprisingly, it is the exotic "glamour girl" who gets the longer treatment. Converting a screen beauty into a screen personality may be a matter of years rather than of months.

On the other hand, less conventional beauties, like, for instance, Anne Baxter, who is at the moment appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "Crash Dive," or Jennifer Jones in "The Song of Bernadette," win stardom practically overnight. They are good-looking—but, more important, they were engaged because they are distinct personalities rather than perfect of face or figure.

That is not to say that beauties among the starlets lack either intelligence or charm, vivaciousness, or even spirituality. But generally their experience has confined them more or less to "static expression"—to put it bluntly, all too often they have been told to just stand still and look beautiful. Others are cursed with too much beauty, paradoxical as that may seem.

They have to acquire those changes of expression which will convince the public they are human. For these, dramatic coaches and elocutionists are brought into play, their function not to teach the starlets how to speak stylishly, but how to speak naturally. Over such personalities, too, fashion experts and make-up experts labour unceasingly, trying not so much to achieve perfection as to remedy that all-too-often cold perfection which Nature has created.

EXPERIENCE THE BEST SCHOOL.

Tutors usually prefer teaching their charges by actual experience. They are put into relatively safe positions, but in the "firing" line nevertheless. Stars like Ronda Fleming, who appeared in the musical, "Hello, Frisco, Hello," or Doris Merrick, who had a minor part in "Time to Kill," have faced many a grinding camera with little more to do than lose their camera-shyness.

When they can walk across the stage with the proper lack of self-consciousness they get small speaking parts, and from there on, as they develop, come small featured parts, and possibly stardom.

Vivian Blaine, another Hollywood newcomer, is definitely on her way up, progressing from small "walk-on" roles in big productions to major roles in small productions. She has been studying dramatics, her previous experience and roles having been confined to singing with the big American dance bands.

Another fast-rising star is Sheila Ryan, who has been rising steadily ever since she went to Hollywood. She has a featured part in "The Girls He Left Behind."

Lastly, there is the case of Lynn Bari, who can really claim to belong to the public. She became a star after playing dozens of featured roles, because the public demanded her, discovering her talents even before the studio did. Her fan-mail was the envy of many a top-flight performer even before she received "official" stardom. In consequence she skipped many of the preliminaries.

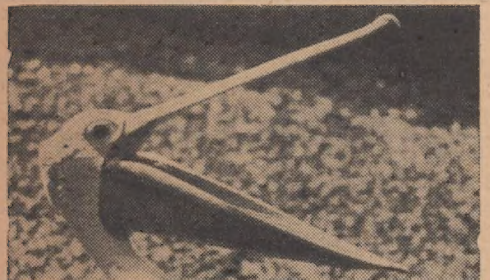
There is no doubt about it that the life of a Hollywood actress isn't all milk and honey, as some would have you believe.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

OUR CRAZY CRICKET MATCH

HOW'S THAT!



Maybe you ain't heard of our cricket match against Little Mumble? It were a battle from start to finish. From the moment Timothy Bellweather body-bowled their first man into hospital to the moment when that snaky policeman blew his whistle. We didn't know till afterwards that they nasty Little Mumbledons had weighted the bat we tossed with, so they'd win the toss. And they didn't know we had put a bit of lead into the side of the ball. The breaks Jim Tumbledick got with that there ball was unbelievable. One time, when he put too much twist on, it went round the field in a circle and came back to his hands. Altogether it was a fair, clean game, but a bit 'ard on the top hats.



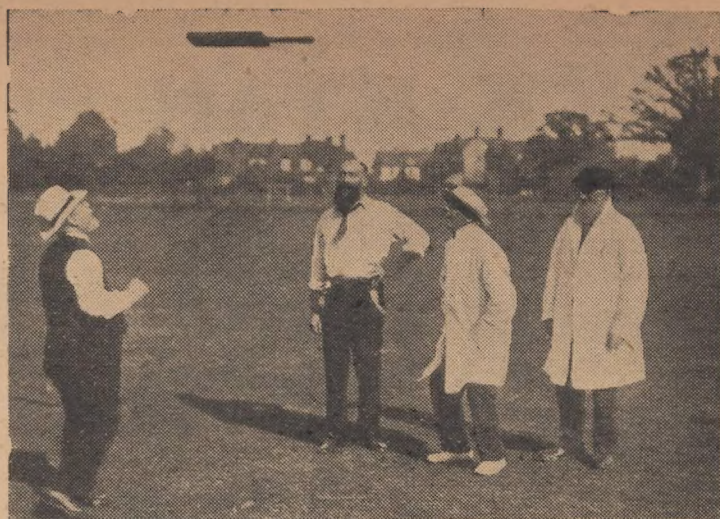
2 Three times John Sowbelly, of Mumble, was caught in the slips, but each time their umpire gave him "Not out." But this time our umpire shouts "Out!" before he could get a word in—and off he went. The score was six wickets down for 65 runs.



4 — the long field, and we had to get Joe Reddyhorn to come along with his scythe before we could find the ball. We daren't count it lost, as we hadn't taken the precaution of weighting a spare ball before the match began.



5 Then we went in to bat. Eighty-seven to make to win the match. We had a lad on the edge of the field with a air-gun. Whenever it looked as though one of our men would be caught, he let fly at the fielder, and they jumped so high they always missed the ball. "Rare lot of wasps round here," we told them. And we beat 'em, in spite of that policeman up on the right.



1 You can see by their faces that Big Bill Bellows, the Little Mumbledon blacksmith what captained their team; and Rufus Fitchbottom, their umpire, knew which way the bat was coming down. Even their beards don't hide their sinister smiles.



3 In came Squire Myrtleneck, of Little Mumble. A lashing batsman, he was, and a good one, too. (We only got him out by pinching his spectacles during the lunch interval.) Well, he lashed out at a loose ball and sent it well into —

6 The Little Mumble cop blew his whistle just as we were making the winning run. Dick Snarewell, our village poacher, who was making it, ran like a hare, out of habit, when he was half-way down the pitch. A rare to-do, there was. But we claimed we won, and so we did. And if any one in Little Mumble says different, he's a liar! Ah! 't were a good, well-fought, clean game, and —



7 — Any 'ard words was forgotten when we drew stumps and started in on the light refreshment what Squire Myrtleneck had provided down at the "Rampant Goat."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"It's got me stumped!"

